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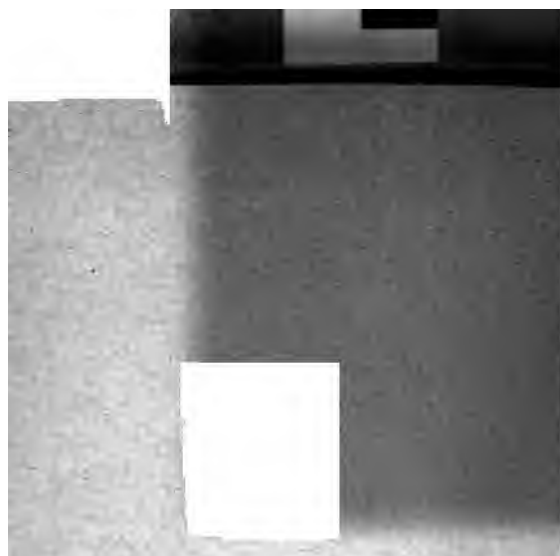
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THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
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1918





THREEPENNY ACTING DRAMA.

DON JUAN;

A MUSICAL DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY THE LATE C. MILNER, ESQ.

THE POETRY

BY

EDWARD STIRLING, ESQ.,

*Author of "Woman's the Devil," "Bachelors Buttons," &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE PROMPT BOOK, WITH THE CAST OF  
CHARACTERS, COSTUME, AND ALL THE  
STAGE BUSINESS.

As performed at the

CITY OF LONDON THEATRE.

WITH A SCENIC ILLUSTRATION

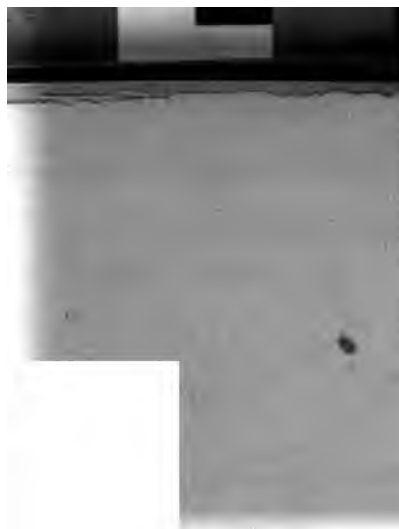
*Designed from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by W. Newman*



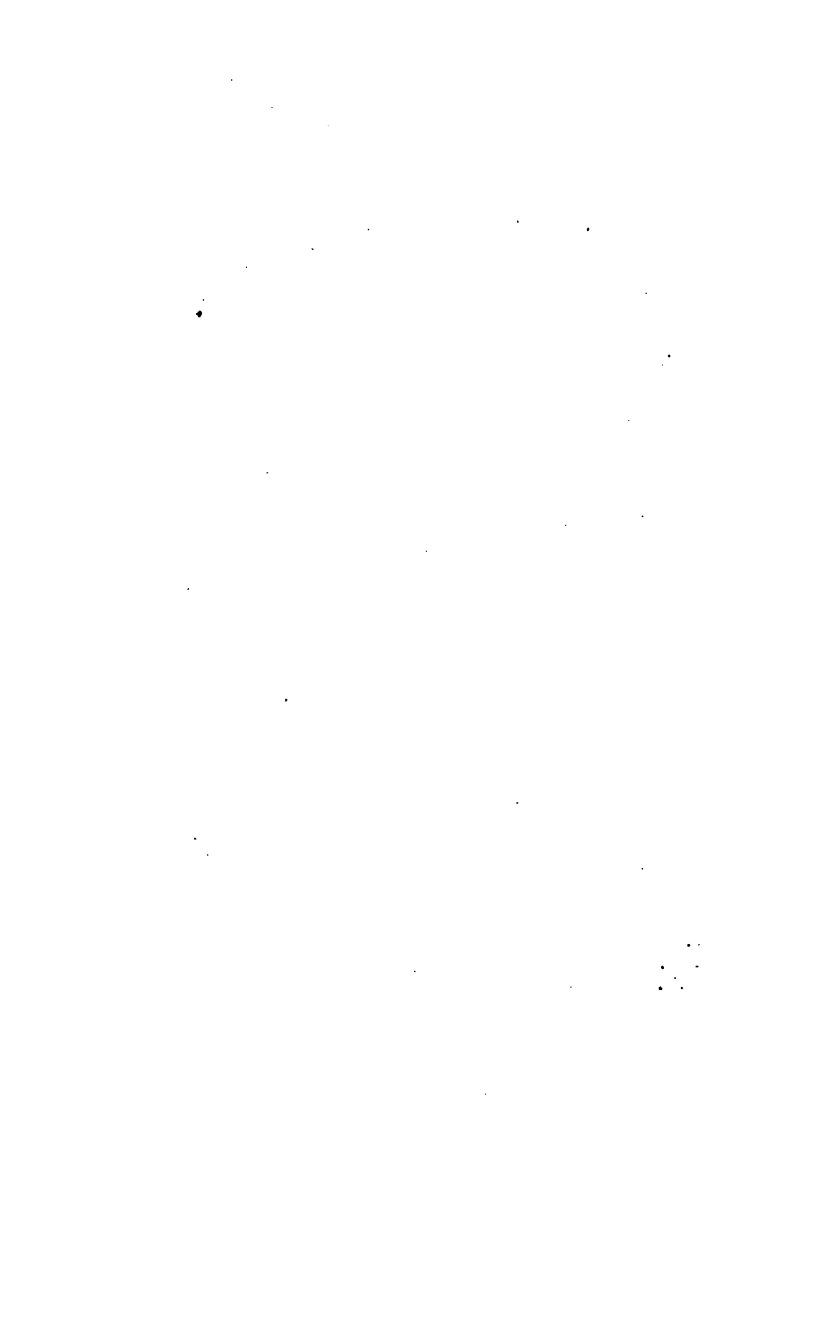
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS







**Don Juan.**

*Baba.* One thousand sequin for the pair.

*Johnson.* D—me if they arn't a going to sell us for chimney ornaments.

[PART III.—SCENE I.

# DON JUAN.

A MUSICAL DRAMA,

In Three Acts,

BY

THE LATE CHARLES MILNER, Esq.

THE POETRY BY

EDWARD STIRLING, Esq.

*Author of "Woman's the Devil," "Batchelor's Buttons,"  
"The Pickwick Club," "Carlina."*

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PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH DESCRIPTION OF  
THE COSTUME, CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, EXITS  
AND ENTRANCES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE  
BUSINESS.

As performed at the

CITY OF LONDON THEATRE.

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WITH A CORRECT ILLUSTRATION OF ONE OF THE  
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London :

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UNITED STATES.

1837

THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
1918

## Cast of Characters.

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### ACT I.—SPAIN.

<i>Don Juan</i> .....	Mrs. Honey.
<i>Don Alfonso</i> .....	Mr. Williams.
<i>Spanish Citizens, Sailors, &amp;c.</i>	
<i>Donna Julia</i> .....	Miss Robinson.
<i>Donna Inez</i> .....	Mrs. Emden.
<i>Antonia</i> .....	Mrs. Young.

---

### ACT II.—GREECE.

<i>Constantine</i> .....	Mr. Marsden.
<i>Lambro</i> .....	Mr. Dry.
<i>Cyrus</i> .....	(A Negro.) Mr. Ross.
<i>Pirates, Inhabitants, Danvers, &amp;c.</i>	
<i>Haidee</i> .....	Miss Holmes.
<i>Zoe</i> .....	Miss Cooke.

---

### ACT III.—TURKEY.

<i>Sultan</i> .....	Mr. Holmes.
<i>Will Johnson</i> .....	Mr. Norman.
<i>Baba</i> .....	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Merchants, Guards, Citizens, Slaves, &amp;c.</i>	
<i>Gulbeyaz</i> .....	Miss Grossette.

## Costume.

---

- ON JUAN.—(1st dress.)—Don Giovanni  
—Blue trousers—stripe shirt.—(3rd dress.)  
—(4th dress) A robe.  
ON ALFONSO.—Spanish shape.  
ONNA JULIA.—White satin, richly trim  
ONNA INEZ.—Black and scarlet Spanish do.  
TONIA.—Orange and black do.  
MBRO.—Rich Greek dress.  
NSTANTINE do.  
RUS.—Blue and white stripe cotton dress.  
IDEE.—Rich yellow satin tunic—crimson  
ousers.  
.—Same style, but much inferior.  
TAN.—Turkish robes, richly embroidered.  
A.—Long robe—blue trousers—large tu.  
BEYAZ.—Rich Turkish dress.  
L JOHNSON.—Blue jacket—white trou

# DON JUAN.

## ACT I.

**SCENE I.**—*The Prado at Seville. (Night.)* Don Alfonso's house. Numbers of Spanish Cavaliers are parading, exchanging signals with the ladies who sit in the balconies. Vendors of fruit, orgeat, &c. &c. descend.

*Chorus.*

The sun his fierce rays is steeping  
In gentle Thetis watery breast:  
With weary labours sleeping,  
Let sol and peasant rest,  
'Tis then that love and pleasure  
Calls forth the gallant cavalier,  
To seek his heart's best treasure—  
The Donna he holds dear.

Don Juan enters from the back, with bustling impatience, expresses that his heart is agitated by the tender passion, and that the object of it resides in Don Alfonso's house. Juan is approaching the house when Servants enter with a sedan-chair, some bear torches. Don Alfonso's door is open, he enters; the chair is borne off preceded by Servants bearing torches, and followed by others. After Don Alfonso has gone in, Antonia enters from the house, and Juan eagerly accosts her. R.U.E.

Juan. (L.C.) Most roguish of attendants on the most lovely of women, now that old barebones is safely out of the way, say, does the charming Julia, consent to admit me to her presence?

*Antonia.* Why you know, most impudent of Don's, that I never bring you any unpleasant intelligence, because if I did, I should not expect to be paid for it.

*Juan.* An ingenious creature you are, Antonia, both in earning your fees, and in giving a hint for their payment (*Gives money.*) There, now provided with a golden key, do you go before, and see that no jealous look, nor envious door, bars me from access to the day star, or more properly speaking, night star.

*Ant.* Stop, stop, my amorous Don, not quite so fast if you please, first learn the purpose for which my lady grants you this interview.

*Juan.* Pshaw, lead me to her presence, and no doubt I shall find out the purpose.

*Ant.* My lady is chaste, prudent, and benevolent, and hates all you he folks.

*Juan.* As you do my charmer !

*Ant.* And shocked as she is by the bold manner in which you, stripling as you are, have dared to address the wife of one of the most respectable nobles of Seville, she wishes to give you a little wholesome advice, that may serve to regulate your conduct for the future.

*Juan.* My dear, I'm the most tractable creature in the world at taking advice, and I think it never proves so edifying as from the lips of a pretty woman.

*Duet.*

*Juan.* Come hither, fair one, let me sip  
The balmy dew from off thy lip,  
Nor turn that charming face away,  
In which the beams of beauty play.

*Ant.* Desist, thou trifler, come not near,  
Beware the rising anger here ;  
Did pertness ever equal this,  
I dare you sir to steal a kiss.

*Juan.* I'll borrow one, but will not steal,  
And to my bond thus set my seal.

(*Kisses her.*)

*Ant.* Audacious !

*Juan.* Nay, if you complain,  
With interest take it back again !  
(*Kisses her repeatedly.*)

*Juan.* Did ever pleasure equal this ?  
What rapture in a stolen kiss !  
And when the charmer does complain,  
How sweet to give it back again.

*Ant.* Did ever pertness equal this ?  
'Tis saucy, sir, to steal a kiss !  
And when one ventures to complain,  
'Tis worse to give it back again !

Together.

*Antonia goes into house. Juan rushes into house. The other  
Characters exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber. (Music to open the Scene.)*

*Enter Julia, R.*

*Julia.* I am married, and therefore, ought to give up all idea of love, that's certain, and yet, Juan is so handsome—so amiable—so vivacious—so—I can't tell what he is—all that a young lady could wish in a lover—thus to abandon him, will be a terrible struggle, and very unpleasant—I will take advantage of Don Alfonso's absence to see him once again, in the hope that my example may inspire him with fortitude, to persevere in the path of honour and virtue ; its monstrous provoking though to be obliged to give him up for all that, one don't often fall in love with such a nice little man.

*Song.*

I remember the time when he first wooing came,  
And beamed like the dawn of my heart ;  
When he kindled that ardent, that rapturous flame  
Which the dearest of joys can impart.

When his love shed a splendour of bliss around,  
And I joy'd in its glorious light ;  
That vision is past, and on waking I've found  
Closing o'er me the darkness of night.



*Enter Antonia, c. door.*

*Julia.* Well, Antonia, what have you done?

*Ant.* All that you could have wished me, madam ; know every trick of the craft, madam ; trust me, and like an old fowler, I can always make sure of my bird.

*Julia.* And where is the dear fellow ?

*Juan rushes impetuously into the room, c. door, and is received into her embrace.*

*Juan.* Here, where I ought to be, where it is my joy to live, and where it were bliss to die.

*Ant.* Hem ! I see I have no further occasion to wait.

[*Exit*

*Julia.* Juan, this is very rash of you, do you know for what purpose I sent for you ?

*Juan.* I can't conjecture, my love, because I should have been sure to come without, as soon as I knew the old jealous Don was out of the way.

*Julia.* We must part, Juan.

*Juan.* I know it, my beloved, but not these three hours yet.

*Julia.* I mean, Juan, that we must part for ever this night. Juan, this very hour, prudence, honour, virtue, require it.

*Juan.* Never ! never ! renounce Julia, renounce love rather let me renounce life, when life no longer boasts single hope of happiness !

*Duet.—Juan and Julia..*

*Juan,*

I love thee ! Whence that pearly tear,  
That glistens in thy eye ;  
Tho' I my fondest vows renew,  
Thine answer is a sigh.

*Julia.*

I love thee, aye with woman's love,  
That's near allied to Heaven ;  
The sweetest boon which from above  
To man on earth is given.

*Both.*

We love, and oh, tis mutual love,  
That makes our earth a heaven;  
The fairest gift which from above  
Was e'er to mortal giv'n.

*Juan with Julia.*

I love thee, go not then away,  
Dearest thou can'st not fear;  
But deck thy face in bright array,  
And check the falling tear.

*Julia with Juan.*

I love thee, yet I dare not stay,  
However to me thou't dear;  
Stern duty calls, I must away,  
And hence the falling tear.

*Ant. (Without L.)* Ah, madam, madam,—sir, sir, what is to be done now? Here's my master returned already, with half the city at his back—his lawyer—— [*Enter L.*

*MUSIC.*—*Enter Don Alfonso and attendants, armed and bearing torches, L.*

*Julia.* Don Alfonso, has madness seized you? What may this midnight violence mean? Dare you suspect me? Why am I disturbed?

*Ant.* Yes, sir, why are we disturbed?

(*Alfonso searches the chamber during this; they open the doors, and look under the bed; as they do this Antonia and Julia are in agony of apprehension, but finding Juan is not there they burst into exultation.*)

*Alfonso.* We saw him enter, his life shall atone for my lost honour.

*Julia. (Aside.)* I'm lost!

*Ant.* So am I if he's found. Oh, why did I bring him in to get myself kicked out? (*They Enter with lights.*)

*Julia.* They have not discovered him—I breathe again!

*Alfon.* Not here, can I have been deceived?

*Ant.* Yes, sir, that you have I can swear,

*Julia.* Well, my lord, have you satisfied your unjust

- will return immedi

[

*Ant.* Don't hollo, my young hida  
of the wood, after dismissing his frie  
old Don will, no doubt, return ; he  
(*Noise.*) Hark ! I hear his footsteps  
this closet.

*Juan.* Nay, after enduring so n  
dearest Julia, I must, indeed I must.

*Ant.* Pshaw ! this is no time for  
mischevious devil. I wonder, for my  
can get herself into such a hobble for  
you, were it a good stout cavalier now,  
master's here. (*Thrusts him into the ch*  
sure you don't go to sleep. (*Shuts him*

*Re-enter Don Alfonso,*

*Alfon.* You, mistress, may be gone.

*Ant.* Me, sir ; law, sir, my lady is  
can't do without me yet, sir.

*Alfon.* For this once she will, leave t

*Ant.* Well, sir, if you insist upon it,  
but its very strange—just like all the r  
ous behaviour, if I were my lady, I kno  
you for it.

*Alfon.* Are ---

after I had left it ; nothing could have induced me to entertain a thought derogatory to your honour.

*Julia.* Suspect, indeed ! Oh, sir, it would well become you, but I know the secret motive of your conduct, sir, it is to cloak your own abominable proceedings, aware that your gallantries could scarcely escape my notice, you must turn jealous.

*Alfon.* Leave this rhapsody, dearest Julia, and no longer resent an error attributable solely to my too ardent love—my too sensitive delicacy.

*Julia.* Really, Don Alfonso, 'tis an insult not easily forgotten ; but you know the tender attachment I bear you and taking advantage of my fondness. (*Sits.*)

*Alfon.* Come, come, my best and dearest love, one kiss of generous forgiveness, and——(*He is advancing to caress her. She with affected coyness repels him, when he kicks against Juan's hat, and picks it up.*) The devil ! what evidence is this ? I am then betrayed, deceived, and laughed at ; but bitterly shall my dishonour atone the injury. Ho, Diego, my sword there. (*He rushes out of the room. Julia runs to the closet and opens it.*)

*Julia.* Fly, Juan, fly, not a word, the door is open, you may yet slip through the secret passage you have so often traversed, here is the garden key. Adieu, adieu, haste, haste, I hear my husband's feet again, quick, has not broke, and no one can observe you.

*Juan.* Ever obedient to your commands—I fly, yet to quit your loved presence is——the devil !

*MUSIC.*—*Rushing out he meets Alfonso, who enters bearing a light in one hand, and a sword in the other, Juan blows out the light, and dropping on his hands and knees creeps between Alfonso's legs, in doing which he throws him down and escapes — Alfonso shouting "Murder, Thieves !"* *Julia goes into hysterics, Antonia enters, followed by Servants, she hastens to catch Julia in her arms, the rest to assist Alfonso.*

SCENE III.—*The back of Alfonso's house ; practicable door from the house, and another in the garden wall.*

*Enter Juan hastily from the house, c.*

*Juan.* Thanks to my own activity, and Julia's ingenuity,

I have for the present escaped the clutches of the old Don, poor old villain! Ha! ha! but hark! they are here! Here is the key that Julia gave me, and here is the door it was meant to unlock. (*Unlocks the garden door, L.*) And now adieu, most reverend Don Alfonso, adieu, lovely Julia, and as for you Antonia, we shall perhaps meet again.

(*Darts out of the garden door just as Don Alfonso rushes from the house armed, and followed by Servant.*)

*Alfon.* Pursue the villain, he is yet within the reach of my vengeance.

*Juan.* (*Locks the garden gate.*) Not just yet, dear Don, hunger they say will break through stone walls, perhaps the thirst of vengeance will make you leap over them.

*Julia rushes from house, and catches hold of Don Alfonso's mantle,*

*Julia.* Oh! save him! spare him!

*Alfon.* Traiteress! pollute me not, for the present your paramour has escaped me, but your fate, madam, is sealed in the gloom of a convent; purchase pardon for your crime, to me you are lost for ever; see that she commences her journey within the hour: the rest pursue and endeavour to procure satisfaction from the murderer of my peace.

(*Exit Alfonso, c. door, followed by part of the attendants, Julia by the rest.*)

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Donna Inez's house, the back window is masked by curtain practicable.*

*Enter Alfonso and Donna Inez.*

*Alfon.* Ah, madam, to you only can I fly for consolation, my affections are safe in your judicious keeping; but I am burning for vengeance on the scoundrel who has cast such a stain upon my honour.

*Inez.* What's done cannot be undone, dearest Alfonso, and you would do well to dismiss from your breast the torturing desire of vengeance, whilst you seek reparation in the tender consolation of love. (*In the most endearing manner.*)

*Alfon.* Hark! do I not hear some one approaching? 'twere fatal to my project to be caught tete-a-tete with you:

*Inez.* Here, these curtains will afford a concealment till I am able to dismiss the intruder. (*Alfonso goes behind the curtain.*)

*Alfon.* They are too short, they'll show my legs.

*Inez.* 'Twould be a shocking thing to expose the cloven foot at such an important crisis; here, stand on this small table, and you will be effectually concealed. (*Brings a small table, places it behind curtains, draws them, so as to conceal him.*)

*Enter Juan, door in c.*

*Juan.* Oh, my dear aunt, such an adventure, I'll tell it you, if I don't all the world will, I have committed a little faux pas, aunt.

*Inez.* A little error, wretch, what do you mean? are you come to chill my chaste blood, with the disgusting tale of your vices?

*Juan.* I could not help it, aunt, you know my lovely cousin Julia?

*Alfon.* (*Aside.*) My wife!

*Inez.* The wife of the much respected——

*Alfon.* (*Aside.*) Miserable Don Alfonso.

*Juan.* Yes, aunt, the wife of the much respected Don Alfonso,—I respect Don Alfonso a great deal, aunt, but I love my cousin Julia a great deal more.

*Alfon.* (*Groaning.*) Oh, lord!

*Inez.* Monster! scapegrace! libertine! and is it to my immaculate ears that you make the horrid confidence of your iniquities? Go on, sir!

*Juan.* I went just to ask her how she did in a friendly way, aunt, and by some means or other, I don't know how it was, she received me in her boudoir.

*Alfon.* I'm right!

*Inez.* Oh, the creature! Well, and what happened?

*Juan.* Why, Don Alfonso came back very suddenly, and as I thought he would not like to find me there—(*Alfonso passes from the curtain threatening Juan. Inez makes an imperative gesture to him to keep close.*) so I thought it would be best to hide myself, and the only convenient place I could find was Donna Julia's sofa.

*Inez.* Donna Julia's sofa! I'm shocked! I'm horrified!

I shall faint! I shall expire! (Juan pauses, looks sheepish. Inez sniffs her smelling bottle and waits impatiently for him to go on.) Well, go on, sir.

Alfon. Go on! he's gone far enough I think.

Juan. Well, Don Alfonso came and searched the room, but the stupid old twadler never looked in the right place; you don't know what a treat it was to cheat such a jealous addlepat, old, ugly curmudgeon

Alfon. (*Aside.*) Old and ugly am I?

Juan. Well, I effected my escape, but he is burning with vengeance, he is very powerful in Seville, and it appears to me that my most prudent course would be to quit not only Seville, but Spain, till this storm has blown over.

Inez. Yes, you little shameless rake, I wonder from what part of the family you inherit this profligacy. Ah, Juan. Juan, if you had been more under my control, and that minx Julia, if she had patterned by me, and then so good, so honest, so respectable, so correct a man as Don Alfonso—

Alfon. Hem! what does she mean?

*The table breaks and Alfonso rolls out on to the floor. Inez shrieks and hides her face in her hands. Juan goes to Alfonso, sees who it is, and bursts out into laughter. Alfonso is confused, he cannot get up.*

Juan. Bravo! bravo! this is excellent.—Oh, most virtuous, correct, Don Alfonso; my immaculate aunt! Love I see, is an universal passion—there's no resisting it—it spares neither age nor sex—boys and old women are alike its victims. Ancient turtles will bill and coo; now, Don Alfonso, I think we are quits.

Don Alfonso and Inez go out *h.* with every expression of rage and confusion. Juan exits *l.* laughing.

*Enter Antonia, c. crying,*

Ant. Oh dear, there he is gone quite away, and has left us for ever. I knew that my poor lady Julia's was a lost case, that she could never see him any more; but I did think when he found he was quite cut out of the mistress, he might have put up with the maid.

*Song.*—Antonia.

I'm courted by the young men all,  
The gay, the grave, the witty ;  
The maypole high, the pigmy small,  
All vow I'm monatrous pretty.

But for my part each love sick swain  
May languish, pine, and die :  
I only smile at all their pains,  
Who cares, I'm sure not I.  
With a fal la—with a fal la, la, la !

They call me pretty black-eyed belle,  
The men they are so civil ;  
And some who say they love me will,  
For I'm a wicked little devil.

'Tis true I am no haughty miss,  
Will wed before I die ;  
And should a lover snatch a kiss,  
Who cares, I'm sure not I.  
With a fal la—with a fal la, la, la.

[Exit A.]

SCENE V.—*Port of Seville—storm.—The open sea—a vessel is seen tossed by a tremendous storm—the crew take to a boat—a thunderbolt strikes the ship, and it sinks—the boat presently is swamped, and the bodies of Sailors and Juan are seen tossing in the waves—Picture.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The interior of a cavern on the shore of one of the Greek Islands, the back opening to the sea, gives a view of the ocean, the neighbouring islands, and vessels passing, fragments of the wreck, &c. The sun is seen rising. Juan is discovered, with part of his apparel, lying senseless in the*



*cave—Haidee is watching near him—Zoe at a small fire preparing provisions.*

*Haidee.* 'Tis fortunate he does not seem hurt by the pointed rock, or tossing wave, his sleep is calm and sweet as that of infant innocence, and 'tis is as lovely.

*Zoe.* Yes, and far more dangerous, for in gazing on sleeping infants, young maids do not kindle in their bosoms a flame that threatens to disturb their own repose for ever.

*Haidee.* Hush ! I think he is about to wake—what rapture will be mine to catch the first beam of his opening eye sparkling with gratitude.

*Zoe.* An admiration you would flatter yourself !

*Juan.* (*Partly asleep and partly waking.*) Hold fast to that plank—the boat can hold no more—it swamps already—cling tight for life and death to the spar—another wave—it rides to the shore—I'm safe on land ! (*Waking.*) Where am I ? (*Sits up and looks wildly round him.*)

*Haidee.* Zoe, did you ever behold anything half so beautiful as those full black eyes ?

*Zoe.* Oh, you had made up your mind to that before you saw them.

*Juan.* Surely in the storm I've passed the gulph of death, and now have waked in heaven !

*Haidee.* His voice is musical as is—His look divine !

*Juan.* There is something rather charming about this coffee, if I am in Paradise, it must be Mahometan's, where browis and not breakfasts are provided.

*Haidee.* Oh what joy it is to have saved a creature so delightful !

*Juan.* I can assure you the joy is at least equalled by that of being saved by a creature so angelic.

*Haidee.* Then you must be mine—all mine !

*Juan.* I am perfectly at your service for the present. I am sure I don't know any body else that has so just a title.

*Haidee.* Canst thou love ?

*Juan.* What must he be who would not love thee ?

*Haidee.* Nay, if thou wilt love truly, I'll make thee lord of all this insulate domain, since my father's death it all is mine !

*Juan.* I have the honour then of addressing a princess in her own right, was your father a monarch?

*Haidee.* At least, at home his will was absolute, here he dwelt, and none dared here resist his pleasure: but at most times he dwelt upon the sea, and brought such treasures thence.

*Juan.* Aye, I understand—contraband, smuggler upon a large scale. (*Aside.*) Tea, tobacco.

*Haidee.* And conquered ships, and brought home many captives.

*Juan.* (*Aside.*) Oh, pirates and cut-throats to boot! this is a creditable connection.

*Haidee.* He died at sea!

*Juan.* (*Aside.*) Hung at the yard-arm!

*Haidee.* And none now own this island's treasures but his child Haidee, who never felt the worth more than now, when she would give all to thee.

*Juan.* Ah, if I have thyself thou can'st give nought that can compare in value, no riches could make the prize more precious, no destitution render it less enviable.

*Haidee.* Hence then with me, and see the bower, where we will forget what else the world contains, and know no treasure but our mutual love.

*Juan.* (*Aside.*) I'm in a good thing! Fair creature, sovereign, as thou say'st, of this soil.

*Haidee.* Haste thee, my Zoe, this day shall make him mine, the goblet shall foam high, the merry dance and joyous song resound in the islands, all shall share my rapture, and gladsome mirth rule o'er the day that gave to Haidee's heart its destined mate. [*Exeunt all.*]

*MUSIC.*—A boat reaches the shore with Constantine and Greek Pirates, they land.

*Constantine.* Once again, brave comrades, we touch the loved land of Greece, to taste the sunshine of beauty after the perils of war.

*Song.*

Sweet love that into human hearts  
A pure and genial flame imparts,  
Oh, make my joyous spirit flow  
In ardent, yet placid glow.

---

Thou glory too with sterner voice,  
 Bid war my fervid soul rejoice,  
 With drum and fife, with sword and shield,  
 The battle plain, the tented field.  
 Alternate be my joys of life,  
 'Mid rapturous love and raging strife,  
 The fair one's sighs, the din of arms,  
 Affection's kiss, and war's alarms.  
 Thus heart and soul to each in turn,  
 'Mid passion's sigh, and glory burn,  
 Oh, happy fate, oh, bliss divine,  
 For love and glory both are mine.

*Pirates.* Lambro ! our chief ! our chief !

*Enter Lambro, from a boat L.*

Welcome, thrice welcome to our native land !

*Sailor.* Aye, master, we sadly outsteered our reckoning to fall in with that cursed Turkish covette, that so desperately outnumbered us.

*Lambro.* It was no small matter methinks, for a handful of Greeks like us, to seize on a vessel in an enemy's port, and get safe out of the harbour with it.

*Sailor.* Aye, it was neck or nothing sure enough.

*Lambro.* How will my return surprise with glad delight my sweet Haidee, who dreams herself an unprotected orphan ; for a few hours we'll conceal ourselves, nor make known our return. I will in quiet steal upon her sorrows, observe how to a father's loss she makes prodigal libations of her tears, then quickly change them into drops of joy.

[*Exit followed by Pirates, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A garden belonging to Lambro's villa.*

*Enter Cyrus, drunk, with a flask in his hand, and Zoe, L.*

*Cyrus.* Well, missee Zoe, what you think of all dis fine affair ? what do you tink of your misses and of our new massa ? Dim diblish hansom, and they like you and me.

*Zoe.* I think that she is mad !

*Cyrus.* As for me, missee, poor black man, me niber tink not at all, it enough for him to workee, workee, when cross old massa make him, and now it enough for him to

drinkee, drinkee, now youn massa gib him holiday, him very fine man.

*Zoe.* The whole island has been mad I think, after her example, its very hard though, when they are all mad for love, that I can't find a sweetheart, am I to be the only turtle dove without a mate in this time of billing and cooing?

*Cyrus.* What for, you no hab me for chum-chum, me bery nice all sugar and brandy, bery glad to hab you missee Zoe.

*Zoe.* You! Times must be badindeed when the butterfly is compelled to put up with the black-beetle.

*Cyrus.* Beetle! me no beetle, me bery nice black man, let me press my lips against you pretty white skin, missee Zoe, de black no come off, it good standing colour.

*Zoe.* Begone wretch! there, there fellow, take your request and be satisfied. (*Gives him a box on the ear, laughs, and runs off R.*)

*Cyrus.* Dam! if her white skin soft, her bone hard enough, neber mind him, get me friend what when him want to press him lips neber refuse, and hab got as sweet a smack as any lady's mouth amongst them. (*Drinks. Sings.*)

*Enter Lambro, disguised in a long mantle and slouched hat, L.*

*Lambro.* Hollo! fellow!

*Cyrus.* Who de debil dat? Like old massa's voice.

*Lambro.* (*Disguising his voice.*) I am a stranger here, and would fain know the meaning of the general festivity that prevails in the island?

*Cyrus.* Massa him dead! dat's all, bery glad of it old ugly rich debil!

*Lambro.* And is this sufficient cause for such rejoicing?

*Cyrus.* Iss! him old shark, him old massa, him big tief upon the sea—me tink him dance upon nothing now—Ha! ha! ha! him so glad, ha!

*Lambro.* But had he no relations? no near connections to deplore his loss?

*Cyrus.* Oh, yes, our young missee Haidee, she deplore him loss—cry bery big tear much, till she find new young massa, fine man like me, and den she laugh, sing, dance—make a great feast, gib a poor black man holiday, gib him

plenty wine, make him bery drunk, him no care a dam for white nigger—Ha!

*Lambro.* And so you have got a new young master, have you? And pray tell me who and what may he be?

*Cyrus.* Missee find him on de sea shore, like a dead-fish, he bery nice young man, and him make good massa—eatee, eatee, drinkee, laughes, dance all day, black man now do no work at all, neber will again, it so nice.

*Lambro.* Your mistress then has thrown herself into the arms of a stranger?

*Cyrus.* Ies! and him bery gladd to catch her, oh him nice young massa, Cyrus lub him too, no mind him old massa, him big sea robber, here me drinkee a warm birth to him down there—below! (*He is raising the bottle to his lips when Lambro snatches it from him—dashes it to the ground, throws off his hat and cloak, and stands sternly before him.*)

*Cyrus.* Oh, murder! help! him old massa's ghost, come up from debottom of de sea, to run away wid black man. (*Falls on his knees in great terror.*) Murder!

*Lambro.* (*Seizing him by the collar.*) Wretch! I'll make you feel that I'm living flesh and blood, aye, and that you're flesh and blood too.

*Cyrus.* Massa, forgib a poor black man dis one time, him neber do so an more, I'm so glad to see you. (*Aside.*) I wish him was dead!

*Lambro.* On one condition, that you keep my arrival a strict secret; but continue your sports, do you hear me, wretch, or are you too drunk to heed me?

*Cyrus.* De sight of my old massa make me sober in one minute, spite of all de wine him young massa gib him.

[*Exit L.*

*Lambro.* This then is the reception prepared for a father rescued almost by miracle from the jaws of death; but what better fate does any man deserve who trusts his fortune, hopes, and happiness, in the custody of that emblem of deceit and fickleness—delusive woman? *Exit. R.*

SCENE III.—*An extended view of the pleasure grounds belonging to Lambro's villa, small banquet tables with viands, fruit, wine, &c., set in all parts of the scene, and filled with guests; in the back a Pavilion on the elevated terrace, or*

*balcony, which is the seat of Juan and Haidee, he is now habited in a magnificent Greek dress; groups of Greek nymphs, in the elegant costume of their country, disposed in picturesque manner.*

*Chorus of Guests, who do not leave their places.*

Fill high the cup with Samian wine,  
Let festive notes vibrate the chords;  
Shed free the blood from Scio's vine,  
Leave battle to Turkish hordes.

Till pleasure yield her every joy,  
Let time on wings of rapture fly;  
Yes, ours is bliss without alloy,  
And envied e'en by gods on high.

*A Dance—Groups of nymphs advance and perform a Characteristic Ballet, during which it grows dark. At the end of the ballet Juan and Haidee advance, on a sign from the latter, the Guests, Nymphs, and Attendants retire.*

*Song—Juan.*

Be mine, dear Haidee, is there ought  
In young fancy's wildest thought  
Can raise a spell so sweet in life  
As that to call my Haidee wife?  
Oh, then be mine, and we will live  
In all the joys that earth can give,  
Young love shall charm our blissful hours,  
For we are his, and he is ours!

Be mine, my Haidee, let this heart  
A kindred flame to thine,  
A vow of love be met by mine;  
But if thou'lt not, in words express  
With thy dear lips on mine say yes,  
Oh then that sacred thrilling kiss  
Shall be a passport to my bliss.

*Haidee.* I would that the hearts of all within this island should swell with pleasure even as mine overflows; with it therefore have I bidden festive tumult reign around; but

oh, how have I panted for the moment when we might express that full tide of rapture which thrills and heaves our hearts well-nigh to bursting.

MUSIC.—*At the conclusion Juan folds her in his embrace, when Lambro advances hastily from the back, tears them asunder, and stands between them.*

*Haidee.* My father! (*She shrinks towards Juan, who draws his sword and stands on the defensive.*)

*Lambro.* Put up your sword, young man, within a thousand scymetars await my call.

*Haidee.* Juan, 'tis Lambro, 'tis my father!—kneel with me, he will forgive us, yes, I'm sure he will! (*She kneels to Lambro.*) Oh, dearest father, in this agony of pain and pleasure, whilst I thus kiss your garments hem; must, I doubt of your tenderness, your eye still flashes anger, deal with me as thou wilt, but spare, oh, spare, this stranger!

*Lambro after gazing at Juan, who is still standing on his defence, with mingled emotions of rage and indignation, at length, subdues himself to composure.*

*Lambro.* Young man, your sword.

*Juan.* Not while this arm is free.

*Lambro.* Your blood then be on your own head. (*Cocks his pistol and presents it, Haidee throws herself on Juan's neck—Music.*)

*Haidee.* On me let death descend, the fault is mine, this shore he found, but sought not, I have pledged my faith, I love him, and will die with him. I know your passive firmness, now know your daughter's too.

*Haidee assumes an expression of resolute boldness, which forms a perfect contrast to the yielding of her character, Lambro gazes on her with sternness, and replaces his pistol in his belt.*

*Lambro.* I will do the boy no harm, but thus, an intruder, perhaps a deadly foe, within my halls shall he stand armed, or shall I betray my character and duty as thou, weak fool, hast thine? Let him lay down his sword, or by my father's head, his own shall soon lay trunkless at thy feet!

*Juan.* My life I freely yield, my honour never!

*Lambro sounds whistle, and a body of Greek ruffians rush in.*

*Lambro.* Take captive, or destroy him!

*Lambro drags his daughter from Juan's grasp, she violently struggles to get free from him, the Greeks rush on Juan, who defends himself stoutly, wounds two of his assailants, but is at length wounded and falls; Haidee shrieks and faints.*

*Lambro.* Hence with him to the shore, on board the ship.

*The Greeks rush on Juan, who resists violently, Haidee clings to him, she is forcibly dragged from him by Lambro—faints in the arms of Zoe, and other females, who have rushed to her assistance.—Picture,*

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### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Slave Market at Constantinople. Merchants, and inhabitants of both sexes discovered, venders of various articles, &c. &c.*

#### *Chorus.*

Let all who more money would gain,  
Or all who have money to spend;  
Who traffic in oil, fruit, or grain;  
Or are willing their money to lend.

All those who their merchandize cry,  
Or those who to purchase come far;  
In short all who'd sell, or who'd buy,  
Now haste to the busy bazaar.

*Enter Shabeash at the head of his band of slaves including Juan and Will Johnson, R.*

*Shabeash.* Come, my customers, here's an extensive assortment of all sizes, all ages and countries, and all conditions, young and old, lame and blind, short and tall, adapted both for use and ornament, and those who choose first,



will have the greatest bargain—pick-'em out! pick-'em out! (*The Merchants and Citizens inspect the Slaves.*)

*Johnson.* Pick-'em out, damme if that chap don't think he's selling red herrings.

*As they make their purchases, they pay their money to Sabeach, and lead them off. Johnson nudges Juan and draws him aside from the rest.*

*John.* I say, my tight one, amongst all this crew—picked up by those swabs, you and I seem the only right earnest gentleman. I should like for us to sail in company. When you are in your own seas, if I may make so bold, what colours do you hoist?

*Juan.* I am a Spaniard! May I presume, sir, in my turn to question you? It's not usual to find men of your cloth in such a situation. What can have brought you to it?

*John.* Six lubberly swabs of Tartars, a d—d big linked chain, and two horses; having been paid off, and nothing to do in the service of old England, I entered, first by way of filling up an odd end of time, with the Russians, well, we had orders to take a town, but some how or another, I don't how it was, not I, for I can't understand their tick-tacks, the town took us, and so here I am; but cheer up, my hearty, the gale of fortune will turn about before long, we shall be in another tack give us but sea room and a tight vessel.

*Juan.* I don't much mind my present situation, but for a lovely maid, who—

*John.* Oh, there's a she in the case! Ah, its always the way with you young ones, you never can sail without convoy, and then if a foul wind forces you to part company, you furl all your sails and lay like a log upon the water, it was the same with me once, when my first wife died, Sal Puncheon. I know my eye pumps went to work, when my second, Bet Bounce, ran away, I believe the scuppers flowed a little, but to the—the third, Mary Scuttle, (*MUSIC.*) But track, there's a fresh breeze sprung up, and look out, there a strange sail bearing down, and by her rigging she seems a first rater—my eyes! if there arn't Bartelmy fair let loose.

*MUSIC is heard without, a general cry of the "Sultana." All draw back, a procession of female and other slaves advance, L.U.E. escorting Gulbeyaz, who is borne in an elegant litter, Baba walks by her side. The slaves have all*

*retired but Juan, who stands forward with a bold air, he attracts the notice of Gulbeyaz, who immediately whispers to Baba. The procession marches off. The slaves, &c. advance, a considerable number of the dealers now collect around Juan and Johnson, they appear to be bidding for them. Baba approaches the group.*

*Baba.* Fifteen hundred sequins for a pair:

*John. (Aside.)* Does he mean chimney ornaments?

*Merchant.* Ah, for the Sultan. *(All fall back.)*

*Shabeach.* Take them with you, my worthy friend, you have shewn your judgment, they are as cheap as dirt, they are the prettiest pair of the whole lot.

*John.* Split my mainsail, they are rare judges here, its the first time I was ever complimented on my beauty.

*Baba.* Have the goodness to follow me gentlemen, if you please.

*John.* Here's a precious rum commodore to sail under, hoist the black flag on his fore-top-mast; however, as I suppose he will tow us into some port or another, I don't so much care if I follow him, for I must refit and take in a fresh stock of provisions before I start on a another cruise, for my bread room is empty, and water cask dry, so heaven-head, old Day and Martin.

SCENE II.—*Part of the gardens of the Saraglio.—*  
*(Night.)*

MUSIC.—*Enter Baba cautiously, followed by Juan and Johnson, L.*

*Juan. (To Johnson while Baba is looking out.)* You seem to have a strong arm, and I doubt not a stout heart, why should we not take advantage of the present moment and gain our freedom, by knocking the old fellow on the head?

*John.* With all my heart! I'll soon smash in his windows! Belay though, my master, don't hurry jobbing the enemy to action, before we know what sea we are sailing in, or what assistance he may have within hail.

*Baba. (To Juan.)* Behave cautiously, follow me! *(To Johnson.)* And do you remain here on the watch, until

your friend returns, act with discretion and your fortunes are made.

*John.* Why, as to the discretion and all that ere, commodore, I don't know much about that, it seems my birth is to be a sentry, one keeping watch here on the open deck, like a marine, and no allowance of grog served out. I suppose we had best obey orders though for the sake of the small craft you have got there in tow. I say if any stranger bears down, what signal am I to give.

*Baba.* Silence is all that is required of you. Whatever you may see or hear take no notice, in an hour, you shall be conducted to where you may enjoy both refreshment and repose.

*John.* Well, as that's only half the regular watch, I don't so much mind, and I am to make no signal, and to keep the jawing'locks close reefed, I may as well take a bit of a snooze as any thing else.

*Baba.* (To Juan.) For you, fortune throws upon your path the golden beams, that if your rashness throw no cloud between, shall light you to happiness.

*Juan.* I understand you not, Ottoman, and I despise your mystery, for the present I am content to follow you, but though you deem me slave, be sure I ne'er will yield obedience to any mandate that should bid an act unworthy of a man.

*John.* Huzza! that's your sort, give him another broadside, my hearty.

*Baba makes fresh injunctions to silence and caution, and recommends Johnson to remain quiet on his post, then with equal caution leads Juan out R.*

*John.* Split my mainsail, here am I that have been boat-swain in a British admiral's vessel, like a man before the mast, and not allowed to set a foot on the quarter deck, on entering a strange service a man can't expect always to keep his rank. I don't know much about the flag I'm sailing under, and have no vast opinion of the crew, but if they come and play rigs whilst I am on board, I shall be the first to mutiny, aye, scuttle the ship. Avast there, what do I see yonder, just quivering on the glimpses of the moonlight! why it's a vessel, and a British one too, lying under, close reefed, sailing up the river here, and now a boat puts off

and makes the shore, Lord how the sight of a little bit of true heart of oak does make my blood tingle. I don't care a mouldy biscuit for the black commodore, now I'll slip my cable, and run bang in amongst my country's fleet; but then the young one in here, shall I part company and leave him under the enemy's batteries after I have once taken my commission as convoy? No, no, never would a British seaman to save himself desert a messmate in distress or danger, I'll bear down though upon the jolly boys, join company, we'll all cruise off here, and if any foul play is attempted towards the helpless and undefended, we'll soon show these black-bearded pirates what English tars can do in the cause of justice and humanity. [Exit A.

SCENE III.—*A magnificent Pavilion attached to the Harem the balcony in the back is closed in with light blinds. Gulbeyaz is seated on a superb throne, surrounded by a train of damsels, all habited as Juan.*

*Chorus.*

Hail to the queen of beauty,  
Our sultan's guiding star!  
All homage, love, and duty,  
Her rightful tributes are.

*Meantime Baba has led Juan to the foot of the throne, where, overcome by the beauty, splendour, and rapture of the Sultana, he kneels. Baba ascends the steps of the throne, kneels, and kisses the hem of her garment. Gulbeyaz makes a sign to Baba, who repeats it to the girls, on which they retire through a spacious folding door.*

*Baba.* You may approach yet nearer. (Juan ascends the steps of the throne. Now most honoured and happiest of mortals, kneel down again, and kiss the foot of the queen of beauty.

*Juan.* Such homage as courtesy may show to woman kind, to beauty, and to exalted rank, I willingly will pay. The prostrate gesture you require befits a slave alone. (Kneels and kisses the hand of Gulbeyaz, who is at first inclined to withdraw it in indignation, on which Baba half-draws his sword, Gulbeyaz then frowns on Baba, and permits Juan to retain her hand, on which Baba sheaths his sword.)

*Baba.* If it is enough for her, I'm sure it is for me, only I know what would have become of the first Pasha, or Kunic of the court that had dared so much.

*Gulbeyaz.* Baba, you now may leave us.

*Baba.* (*Bows, then aside to Juan.*) Its all right, you have nothing more to fear, you may do as you like now; but I say, when you've got it all your own way, don't forget who it was that put you into a good thing.

[*With repeated bows, he exits.*]

*Gul.* Christian, cans't thou love?

*Juan.* You ask if I can love, take as a proof on't that I love not thee, the head may bow, the knee may bend, the hand obey, the heart will be still master of itself.

*Gul.* Dare to reject my proffered love, and you die.

*Juan.* My life I'll freely yield, my honour never.

*Gul.* Christian, must I sue in vain? I can serve you.

*Juan.* Then restore me to freedom.

*Gul.* You would love me for it?

*Juan.* I can't promise!

*Gul.* I'd give thee riches.

*Juan.* My love is not to be bought and sold!

*Gul.* I can bestow honours, wealth inculcable.

*Juan.* Can you bestow happiness, one beam of which is better than the riches of the universe.

*Enter Baba, &c.*

*Baba.* Empress of the earth, sister of the moon, bride of the sun, the star himself is coming this way.

*Juan.* To put the little star out no doubt.

*Gul.* The Sultan! then all is lost! (*To Juan.*)

*Baba.* This is what I thought it would all end in, and the worst of it is that I must be a partaker in the punishment. Oh, I have got a sore throat already.

*Juan.* This arm shall protect us from the foul tyrant's vengeance, whilst it can raise a sword.

*Baba.* What's the use of one sword to a whole regiment Janassaries? The Odalesques approach—this rob.—midst their band—he may escape unnoticed.

*Juan.* A female dress, think'st thou that any danger can drive me to so base a subterfuge? No, I'll live a man, if I die for it!

*Baba.* To save your head?

*Gul.* And mine!

*Baba.* And mine, oh lord!

*Gul.* I entreat thee, as thou would'st not see my blood shed before thee.

*Juan.* To thy entreaties I yield.

*Baba.* (*Throwing cloak round Juan and putting on turban.*) Oh, lord! that their should be all this trouble to persuade a man from thrusting his neck into the bow-string. There, there, as the guards approach do you slip amongst them.

*MUSIC.*—*The Sultan enters attended by Guards &c.*

*Sultan.* Gulbeyaz, a foreigner of suspicious aspect has been observed lurking beneath the windows of your Pavilion; desirous to avoid doing either harm to him, or to you injustice, I have sent a guard to seize him and confront him with you.

*Gul.* Ah, sire, can you suspect?

*Sultan.* Suspect! no Gulbeyaz, my soul scorns so mean an emotion; but 'tis a circumstance requires explanation. This shall be had, and if I am betrayed, you know the dreadful punishment that must atone a sovereign's dishonour.

*Juan.* (*Aside.*) My head's off!

*Baba.* (*Aside to Juan.*) Ah the guards are bringing him—do you think he will suffer himself to be quietly strangled, and let us off?

*Juan.* Perish the base idea! (*Throws off his disguise.*)

*Baba.* I'm dead! and buried, oh! (*Gulbeyaz screams.*)

*Juan.* No, Sultan, I'm the offending party. I only have had the boldness to tread on this forbidden precinct. The marine without is my attendant, I yield myself a sacrifice to thy revenge, but let my blood content thee.

*Sultan.* Betrayed, dishonoured, by a Greek, off with the wretches head!

*Gulbeyaz would rush to interpose, but Baba restrains her, the Guards seize Juan, and are about to execute the Sultan's mandate, when the blinds in the back are broken away, and Johnson and a party of British sailors, armed with cutlasses, &c., enter.*

*John.* No you don't though, at least, not just yet, I know that 'ere Spanish vessel sailing under Greek colours, is under British protection, and we'll soon show you what chance you stand when an English ship lies in the Bosphorus—Old England for ever.

*The Sailors have rescued Juan from the Guards, the Sultan in the act of calling fresh forces. Gulbeyaz in great agitation is supported by Laba, the opening at the back discovers the British ship in the Bosphorus, close under the walls of the Seraglio, it fires two guns. The Sultan triumphs.*

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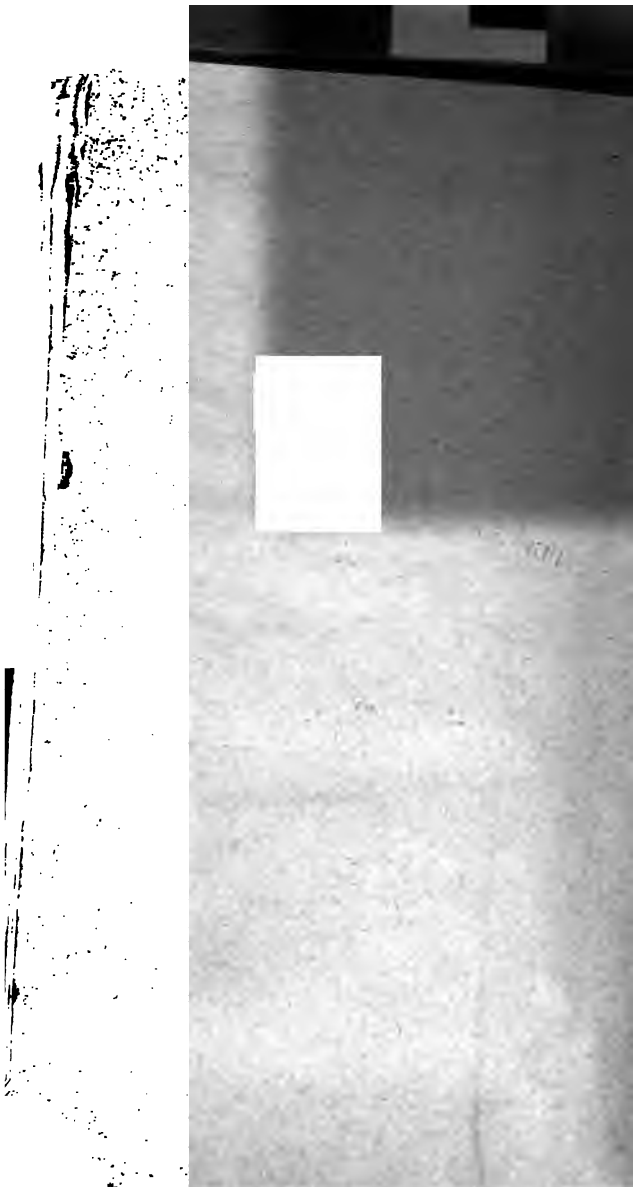
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